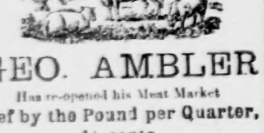
The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. XII. QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897. No. 21

WI[illegible] - -
- FRAMES
F r Lamp Shades,
CALENDARS
SPECTACLES.
MAGAZINES
—AND—
NEWSPAPERS
—AT—
Henderson & Parker's
DRUG STORE,
QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.
Successors to J. A. Unsworth & Co.

S.H. Caswell & Co.,
BANKERS,
Financial and Insurance Agents
COLLECTIONS SOLICITED—RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
Five Per Cent. Interest Allowed on Deposit Accounts.
CORRESPONDENTS:
MOLSON'S BANK, Winnipeg.
MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA, Toronto.
Cheques and Drafts for all parts of the World Bought and Sold.
Qu'Appelle Station - - Assa.

NEW MEAT MARKET



GEO. AMBLER
Has re-opened his Meat Market
Beef by the Pound per Quarter, 4½ cents.
Quality unsurpassed. Give me a call—money or no money. Prices to suit the times. Also, a Fine Lot of Boots & Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Mitts, Gloves, Etc., going cheap. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR CATTLE. Coal Oil.

There's Nothing Like . . . Leather!
I have just receive a consignment of SHOE LEATHER, SOLE LEATHER, LEATHER SHOESTRINGS, LEATHER FOR BELT LACING, SHOE THREAD, KNIVES, Etc. In fact everything requi ite in the leather line. Repairing done neatly, cheaply and expeditiously. Don't be leather head d, but give me a call. Close prices, wholesale and retail. Yours for Leather, G. M. BAILEY, Pacific Ave., Qu'Appelle.

Home-Made Bread
I AM now prepared to supply customers with home made bread. Have also a full line of groceries, fresh and evaporated fruit, etc. Give me a call.
MRS. E. AMBLER.
Milliken's old stand.
Qu'Appelle Station.

A. HOLLINGSHEAD,
House, Sign and Carriage Painter.
Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging . . and Kalsomining . .
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
QU'APPELLE STATION and INDIAN HEAD.

Chop! Chop! Chop!
AT THE OLD STAND NEAR THE Mill, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Graham flour a specialty. *Oat and Wheat chop 80 cents per hundred.*
8-4m. E. C. BOYCE.

T. COWAN. W. MOORE.
COWAN & MOORE,
Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers
Horseshoeing and all Repairing done on shortest notice. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
QU'APPELLE STATION, Assa.

NOTICE.
ANY PERSON CUTTING OR TAKING wood of any description from the lands owned by the undersigned, will be prosecuted.
T. H and A. H. SYKES.
Edgeley Farm, Dec. 28, 1896. 29tf

TEACHER WANTED.
FOR McLEAN PUBLIC SCHOOL Duties to commence on first of April. Applications received up to March 15th. Apply, with reference, to
CHAS. HILL, Sec.-Treas.,
20-3 McLean Station.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE AT ON TRAINS BOOKSTORES 5c

A Card of Thanks.

I beg to take this opportunity to thank the Canadian Fire Insurance company for the very satisfactory and prompt settlement of the damages done to my buildings by the late fire, which consumed A. S. Empey's premises in the town of Qu'Appelle, of which company our townsman, J. Doolittle, is agent.

(Sd.) WM. BROLEY.

MacCaul & Harvey
General Insurance Agents.
Dealers in every description of PINE, DOUGLAS FIR, SPRUCE AND MOUNTAIN FIR
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATH, SASH, DOORS, AND all other building material, and Blacksmith Coal.
N.B.—We buy for cash. Our prices cannot be beaten. Get our quotations before purchasing elsewhere.

H. BRAY,
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER
QU'APPELLE STREET,
QU'APPELLE STATION.
DRESSED : PORK : AND : POULTRY BOUGHT : AND : SOLD.
CUSTOM SOLICITED

NEW STOCK
—OF—
FURNITURE
Lounges, Chairs, Window Shades, Etc.,
Have begun to arrive.
CALL AND SEE US.
FULL STOCK OF
+ OATMEAL +
OGILVIES' AND FORT QU'APPELLE
+ FLOUR +
Oats, Bran, Etc.
G. H. V. BULYEA

S. H. COLLINS,
Boot and Shoe Maker
Qu'Appelle Street,
QU'APPELLE STATION, - - ASSA.
Repairing done on short notice.

C. BABBIT,
AGENT FOR
NEW SINGER VIBRATOR SEWING MACHINE.
Sewing Machine and Gun Oil. Watchmaker and Jeweller. Sewing Machines and Guns Repaired on shortest notice. Qu'Appelle Station Assa.

Merchant ♦ Tailors
IF YOU WANT A GOOD FITTING SUIT OF CLOTHES, CALL ON . . .
J. H. Brethauer & Co..
Who have got
THE BEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE
Samples on the market.
Prices Right. Give Us a Call.

BY RAIL, Steam Ocean LAKE, WAGHORN'S GUIDE

New Goods! New Goods!
Just Arrived!
I have just opened out the Largest and Finest Stock of Dry Goods ever brought to Qu'Appelle, consisting of the Newest Materials in
DRESS COSTUMES, Colored and Black,
NEW FLANNELETTES,
NEW FANCY SHIRTINGS,
NEW BORDERED APRON LINEN,
NEW ART MUSLINS,
NEW CRETONNES, Etc., Etc.
J. P. BEAUCHAMP.
QU'APPELLE STATION.

LEGAL.
A. D. DICKSON, Barrister, Advocate, Solicitor, etc.
Office, first door south of the Queen's Hotel, Qu'Appelle St.
W. M. SIFTON, Advocate, Notary Public, Collections and Real Estate Agent.
INDIAN HEAD, Assa.
Office—Northeast room over A. J. Osment's store.

MEDICAL.
DR. C. E. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Physician, Surgeon, Coroner, Etc. Graduate Toronto University and Licentiate College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.
W. HENDERSON, M.D.C.M., Graduate of McGill University, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, N.W.T. Office over the drug store.

MUSIC.
VERNON BARFORD, Qu'Appelle Station (late organist St. Edmund Hall, Oxford), is prepared to give lessons on the pianoforte and Organ. Terms on application. 48-tf

QU'APPELLE VALLEY
FLOUR : MILLS,
(Established 1884).
FORT QU'APPELLE.
GRISTING
HUNGARIAN PATENT, STRONG BAKERS, GRAHAM } FLOUR
BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP, CRACKED WHEAT
Chopper for Grinding Feed Stuffs.
Full supply always on hand at BULYEA'S Store, Qu'Appelle Station.
Support Local Industry.
JOYNER & ELKINGTON, PROPRIETORS.

CITY MEAT MARKET
SCOTT & CO.,
(Late Scott & Johnston.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Butchers
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, AND POULTRY.
All kinds of Fish kept constantly on hand.
Main St., Qu'Appelle Station. Assa
On account of business changing hands, all accounts due the late firm must be settled promptly

TEACHER WANTED.
WANTED, a teacher holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate, for Gressingham Public school District No. 356. School to open on the 1st of April and continue for six months. Applications must be sent in before the 24th day of March.
16tf DONALD FRASER, Sec.-Treas.

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED
[illegible] MARION & MARION, EXPERTS, [illegible]

Bachelors' Ball at Indian Head.

The bachelors' ball on Thursday evening last was a phenomenal success, and in every respect excelled the most sanguine expectations. Ever since the date was fixed the lite of the dancing element of the district have been impatient for the auspicious event to transpire, and when they learned that the entire management of the affair was in the hands of the most efficient committee that could be produced, their impatience increased rather than abated; and the many compliments showered on the committee told how well every detail had been provided for and how grateful the guests were for their untiring efforts in making the event such a grand success, and the many pleasing features will long be remembered by all present. About 150 guests were present. Amongst them were several from Regina, Qu'Appelle Station, Fort Qu'Appelle, and Grenfell. The committee were especially pleased with the presence of the outside element, as the local attendance was in some measure limited, fully half of the townspeople being laid up with grippe, and amongst them some of the shining lights of society. A very great deal of credit is due the lady patronesses and other ladies in sympathy with the event for the dainty and tasty lunch they so liberally provided.

The spacious hall was tastefully decorated and on no occasion did it ever present a prettier appearance. The many tasty costumes seemed to equal in beauty the creations of Worth or Redfern, and each was lost to one's admiration on the appearance of another. The music furnished by Messrs. Barford and Choppick seemed to inspire all present, and the last of twenty-four numbers and several extras was danced with the same unalloyed pleasure as was the first. Mr. Plunkett acted as master of ceremonies and discharged his duties in a most efficient and pleasing manner.

Indian Head Items.

(From our own correspondent.)

We are sorry to have to record the death of Robert Bruce, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs John Brown, which occurred on the 28th ult., at 2 30 p.m. Bruce was a bright little fellow, aged 11 years and 8 months, and was beloved for his kind disposition and cheery ways. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and as a mark of respect all stores were closed as the procession wended its way to St. Andrew's church, where a touching address was delivered by Rev. Alex. Robson. The Sunday school children occupied the centre of the church and during the service sang several hymns—favorites of their little friend. At the close of the service the remains were followed to the cemetery by a large number of friends and acquaintances who sincerely sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Brown in their bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM.

Bruce has gone from among us,
We'll miss him from the hearth;
He has gone to live with Jesus,
Who is Lord of all the earth.

Loved ones mourn and weep for him,
For sad it is to part
From one they loved so dearly,
A darling of their heart.

There's hope our Lord has given
All our sorrow to sustain,
That soon with Jesus our Saviour
We'll meet dear Bruce again.

Mr. J. Perkins arrived home from Ontario this week, but not alone for he has brought with him one of Ontario's fair daughters to share his joys and sorrows. We wish the happy couple all the happiness this world can give.

La Grippe is visiting here just now, and intends staying a few weeks. Look out for it, as it is worse than any book agent.

Mesdames T. Jackson, J. Mitchell, Geo. Thompson and Jos. Glenn arrived home from Ontario this week, all looking well.

We are pleased to say Mr. Paul Kays is improving and will soon be able to be round again.

R. Baird and T. Howden of Vernon, and J. H. Fraser and J. Howden of Edgeley, were in town this week.

Ralph Hancock has secured the contract for carrying the mail here.

T. Murphy is confined to his bed with a severe attack of la grippe.

March comes in very cold.

McDonald Hills Happenings.

(From our own correspondent.)

At the regular Saturday night meeting of the Cowboy club held in Fat Ox hall this week, Sid Bryce, of Bovine Lake, Percy Fremlin, of Bald Engle Gulch, Chummy Adams, of Mountain View, and Jumbo Lowe, of Loon Valley, were all initiated as members of the club and had a ride on the goat. All passed off quietly until Jumbo Lowe mounted the goat for his ride. Just then an evil spirit seemed to take possession of the goat; probably it was caused by some of the members sticking pins in him or it may have been by the excessive avoirdupois of Jumbo; however, his goatship took a header for the lower end of the hall by a short cut, taking the seats for hurdles and clearing them one after the other, but Jumbo proved to be a thorough broncho buster and succeeded in riding the goat successfully. After the delay caused by the initiation of the new members, it was too late for a debate, but the president announced that the subject for debate next night will be "Resolved, that marriage is a failure." He will choose bachelors for the affirmative and benedicts for the negative.

Sco John, one of the fraternity from Touchwood, visited the club and occupied a seat on the platform beside the president. Irish Curry sang, "Oh, the potatoes they grow small, over there!" and Sandy Slater gave a violin solo. Coyote Jack showed his agility by giving a step dance, and Geo. Murray contributed a series of handsprings for the amusement of the audience. Sammy Bolingbrook closed the programme by singing "My Sweetheart is the man in the moon."

The club then adjourned. As the members disappeared over the hills towards their several homes, the shrill tones of Coyote Jack's voice could be heard as they mingled with the mellow tones of Old Glory's silvery voice in a heated political argument on the granite pavement in front of the hall.

Josh Lapier, of the Hollis ranch at Kutawa, sold a very fine team of horses to Geo. Murray, of the Springs this week.

Mr. Atherton, from the Touchwood mountains, visited the Hills this week and had a pleasant handshake with many old friends.

Geo. Scott, of the Horseshoe ranch, put on his skates and made one of his periodical visits to the Station this week.

Fred. Macdonald, V.S., of Kutawa, has moved from this district. The cattle are so healthy up here that his services are not required, so he has started in search of a more sickly district.

Chas. McNab, of Touchwood, came down to the Hills on a business trip this week.

Constables Baird and Jeffrays passed through the hills on their way from Qu'Appelle to Kutawa this week, where they are to be stationed in future.

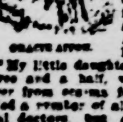
Dr. Hall returned home to the Fort after rescuing several of the aborigines from a trip to the happy hunting grounds by the la grippe route.

Mrs. and Miss McLay are visiting friends at the mission on Gordon's reserve.

Old Glory has returned from an extended visit to the Qu'Appelle valley.

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Ointment Cures All Skin Irritation.



GRACIE AYTON.

Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Ayton, of [illegible], N.B., says: "My little daughter Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors but all without effect. Hers was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.

Regina Ripples.

(From our own correspondent.)

The usual monthly ball at the barracks, was held on the evening of the 25th ult., and among those present was Superintendent Milestone, from Moose Jaw.

The oyster supper at the Young Conservative association, took place in the Town Hall, on Friday evening, about 100 being present, and as both the supper and the programme were excellent, it proved an entire success. One peculiarity, however, was mentioned, namely, that government officials were conspicuous by their absence.

The ladies of St. Paul's church held their annual tea party on Shrove Tuesday, the chief features of which were a pink tea and dramatic entertainment, music, songs, etc. The play was "A Happy Pair," and scored a success.

About 1 o'clock, Sunday, fire broke out in an old frame building near the Lansdown hotel, occupied as a shoe shop and Chinese laundry. The fire brigade succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but not before the building was gutted. No insurance.

Rev. J. C. Johnstone of Winnipeg, gave a highly entertaining and instructive account of the Jacobite rising of '15 and '45 on Monday evening. The lecture was illustrated by many of the old Jacobite songs and ballads, which Mr. Johnstone sang splendidly. Indeed, they were the chief feature of the entertainment, as they let one thoroughly into the spirit of the times.

Edgeley Echoes.

The dance which was to have taken place last Tuesday under the auspices of the Edgeley football club, has been postponed to some future date—about a month hence.

King La Grippe seems to have taken a firm hold upon the community, one or more in almost every household suffering from the malady. Some of the worst cases, however, we are glad to hear, are improving.

We were much shocked to hear of the sad losses occasioned to some of our worthy citizens by the fire which took place in Qu'Appelle a few days ago. We can readily extend our sincere sympathy to the sufferers.

The excitement consequent on the annual agricultural reunion has subsided, and young and old have once more settled down to their usual routine of toil. Needless to say that Edgeley was well represented at the celebration.

Certain young men from the Fort should attempt to reach their destination earlier in the day or else acquaint themselves much better with the trails in our locality, of which there are enough to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer.

One of our young bachelors is, we hear, inconsolable on account of the departure of his best friend to the land beyond the Rockies.

Poplar Plains.

Miss Pearl Johnston has returned home from Edgeley where she has been attending school. Her parents are much pleased with her progress.

Mr. T. Dingwall intends putting on an extra gang this spring and rush his large crop in.

Mr. J. Crowe has been laid up with la grippe. We wish him a speedy recovery.

School opened March 1st. with Mr. C. Arthur, teacher.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, Feb. 24th, at the Presbyterian parsonage, Regina, when the Rev. J. Carmichael united Mr. Wm. Cockwell, of Balgonie, in the holy bonds of matrimony, to Miss Emma Owen, of Poplar Plains. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom and friends drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where a bountiful spread was awaiting them. After doing justice to the viands, the rest of the evening was enjoyably spent in games and tripping the light fantastic. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents. Our best wishes go with them to their future home.

Chickney Chirpings.

(From our own correspondent.)

Miss Jeanie Penny has returned to Abernethy.

R. Gardiner is visiting at Indian Head.

Some of the young folks spent a very enjoyable evening at Mr. A. D. Garratt's residence on the 23rd ult.

Rev. F. W. Johnson of Fort Qu'Appelle, paid us a visit last week.

Charles Moore lost another horse quite recently.

John Stueck was fortunate enough to kill a black fox this winter.

La Grippe has reached this locality.

Mr. John Allen of Pheasant Forks, will deliver a lecture in the schoolhouse here, on the 11th inst. His subject will be "Harmony and Diversity."

The money collected in this district for the Indian Famine Relief fund, now amounts to $30.

Sudden Death.

MIAMI, March 1.—Thomas Gay, aged 37 years, who has been working in the wood camp at Deerwood during the winter, while eating his breakfast this morning threw up his hands and fell backward and expired without saying a word. He came from Peterboro some eight years ago. He was a widower and has a son living at Fish Lake, Prince Edward county. He has no friends in this country.

Wherever the sun shines Dr. Chase's Remedies are known, and no music is sweeter to many a poor soul as the song of rejoicing over restoration to health in the use of them. Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles and say nothing about it through a sense of delicacy. All such will find an instant relief in the use of Chase's Ointment. It never fails.

Patents.

The following information is furnished to us by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents, Temple Building, Montreal.

UNITED STATES PATENT NOTES.

There are 2,467 different varieties of fire escapes and ladders to be used in emergencies.

Soda water and other cooling beverages are manufactured according to 173 patented methods.

The steam engines of this country need not lack for valves, 2,465 of these having been patented.

The patent office has issued 3,675 patents for inventions, contrivances and discoveries in telegraphy.

The fisherman has at his command 2,667 patented devices for attracting or capturing the finny tribe.

According to the reports of the patent office there are 4,369 different varieties of patented chairs.

The number of patent medicines is not so great as might be supposed, there being only 1,332 in the reports.

Harnessmaking has received the earnest attention of the inventor, there being 7,401 patents in this line.

The erection of fire-proof buildings is encouraged by 452 patents, taken out for materials or methods.

Over 25,10[illegible] inventions for the manipulation of metals have been patented in the government office.

Butter making is encouraged by 4,135 patents, either on devices employed or methods of manufacture.

Wood working tools have developed 1,245 patents, of which one is an auger which bores a square hole.

The vegetables of the country may be cut or crushed in our kitchens by the aid of 2,005 patent machines.

The art of printing is covered by 5,831 patents, either of machines or special devices employed in the work.

The inventors of artificial stone and the manufacturers of lime and cement have taken out 1,150 patents.

The surgeons transact business with their patients by the aid of 3,315 patent appliances.

DYSPEPSIA
CURED BY DR. CHASE.
. . FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W. HODGES SUFFERED —DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE. . . . .

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & CO.,
Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them with three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly,
W. W. HODGES,
Mohawk Landing, Ont.

QU'APPELLE PROGRESS.

Thursday, March 4, 1897.

THE WESTERN WORLD.

ITEMS SHORT AND INTERESTING.

A Resume of the Events of the Week—Prominent People, Their Sayings and Doings.

Mayor McCreary has been appointed immigration agent at Winnipeg.

Several new creameries have been established in the Northwest.

It is rumored the Imperial bank will shortly open a branch in Revelstoke, B. C.

It is reported that a readjustment of accounts between Manitoba and the Dominion will give the province some $600,000.

It is reported that the C. P. R. have made the government a definite offer to build the Crow's Nest Pass road.

The young son of Mr. L. R. Johnstone, who lives about ten miles northeast of Regina, while at play a few days since, fell into a deep well and was drowned.

A. J. Calender, court house librarian at Vancouver, B. C., is dead, aged 37. He was a native of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, and leaves a wife and two children. He formerly resided in Winnipeg and Banff.

News has reached Goras Bay, Ont., that John McLean, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Neil McLean, of that place was drowned in the Kootenay river. The ice in the stream broke as he was crossing, and his body has not been found.

Meagre particulars are at hand of a murder on the Fraser river, a few miles below Lillooet, B. C. A Chinaman was found dead with his throat cut. The police are investigating. The murder, it is said, can be traced to the Highbinder society, who could produce the murderer if they wanted to. Sensational developments are expected.

There is a rumor in well informed political circles that the Dominion government will hand over to the Manitoba government all the remaining crown lands in the province. These include the mineral lands along the eastern boundary of the province, and when the transfer has been made a mining law will be passed to regulate and encourage the mining industry.

P. Beaupre's warehouse and Paton's hotel stables at Gleichen, Northwest Territories, have been destroyed by fire. The loss to Beaupre is $2,000, partly covered by insurance. The loss on the stable is $1,000. The hotel, ten feet away from the stable was saved through the efforts of the bucket brigade, all of whom did credit to themselves. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Eugene Fischer, collector for the Seattle Brewing and Malting Co., Seattle, has been arrested at Vancouver for embezzlement of $500 of the company's funds. It is stated that the amount embezzled will total $2,000. Fischer is being held until instructions arrive. He went under the name of C. Stein, Tacoma, giving out that he was a wholesale merchant, and during his stay at Vancouver spent money like a prince.

F. Jerschki, a young ranchman, living near Dewdney, N. W. T., was found dead at his ranch with a gun beside him. The contents were lodged in his body. It is considered a case of suicide, though why Jerschki should have committed such a rash deed is a mystery. He was young, healthy and wealthy, and on the decease of his parents, who lived in Holland, would have come into additional property. He is supposed to have been drinking.

New rates are effective on the Columbia river boats as a result of the recent purchase of the C. P. R. The rates generally will be adjusted on the basis of 5 cents a mile. The freight rates will also be very much lowered, but the tariff has not yet been issued. The fares have been reduced as follows: Robson to Trail, $2 to $1; Trail to Waneta, $1 to 55 cents; Trail to Murphy, $1 to 20 cents. Heretofore the fare was $1 to all landings, no matter how close to Trail.

Louis Danserau, formerly of Vancouver, who is wanted for embezzlement at Sandon, B. C., was arrested in Victoria the other night and taken to the upper country by Sergt. Langley. Danserau was employed as bookkeeper by the Slocan Trading company, and when that concern failed was appointed receiver. Before the company wound up he left that position and obtained an appointment as manager of the Clift Hotel, Sandon. It was found that he was short $500 in the Slocan Trading company's accounts.

J. S. Larke, agent of the Canadian government in Australia, writes the trade and commerce department of a special opening for Canadian trade in Queensland. He says that they are looking for a market for their large supply of sugar and their large supply might help to make up return cargoes to Victoria. Canadian papers continually are asked after and would find a very ready sale. Manitoba flour has made a high name for itself and is in great demand. There is talk of reciprocity among the Australian colonies and Canada might possibly be included if our government was favorably inclined.

About 100 men are at work upon the Red Mountain Railway bridge being built across the Columbia River at Northport, B. C. The structure is what is known as a combination bridge. It will rest on four solid concrete piers, cased with boiler iron. Across the main channel of the stream, as indicated by low water, the highest pier is eighty feet and the rail of the track will be 69 feet above low water mark. Three of the spans are 250 feet in length, making 1200 feet of spans. There will be at least 500 feet of trestle work at the end of the spans, or 1700 feet in total length of bridge, outside of heavy dirt fills at either end of the trestle work.

A number of the older residents of Rossland have, it appears, been quietly engaged in discussing the question of who would be a desirable chief magistrate of Rossland during the first year of its civic existence, and the result of their consultations was the drawing up of a letter inviting the Hon. Charles H. Mackintosh, lieutenant governor of the Northwest Territories, to accept a nomination for the office at their hands. Though the invitation was only prepared at a late hour in the evening by 9 o'clock it had already been subscribed to by most of the old time residents and nearly all the large property owners that are at present in the city.

"Is Miss Oldly out of the matrimonial market yet?"
"No, but she's on the remnant counter."

"If poker is our national game, then the American beauty rose ought to be the national flower." "Why?" "Because it has such a royal flush."

SIGNALS FROM MARS.

Sir Francis Galton Nearing a Solution of the Mighty Problem.

Surely not more than six years ago all of us who had a spark of imagination were thrilled by the statement of Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer, that there were people on Mars who desired to communicate with our own planet. Then came scornful contradictions from other sources. The strange network of lines, we were told, might mean a huge system of canals on Mars, but the mysterious recurrent gleams on its surface were a fabulous discovery. Flammarion, however (in whom scientific exactitude and rich literary fancy seem oddly to commingle) sided with his Italian co observer. And now from an English astronomer of wide repute—none other than Sir Francis Galton—come the tidings that not only is our ruddy-rayed neighbor sending us signals, but that these he has already resolved into sentences, and the sentences he has separated into letters. It is a celestial cipher, affirms Sir Francis Galton, but one of which he has not yet found the key. Some huge electric invention has been constructed by the Marians, and planetary currents are made so subservient to its enormous energies that an incessant telegraphy is going on with intersellar ether for its medium. Working in one of the great European observatories, Sir Francis has constructed it is declared an apparatus which he placed next to the telescope he employed, and which has given him the most amazing results. He is now convinced that earnest efforts are being made by Mars to hold with us intelligent converse. 'He has not yet been able to decipher the exact meaning of these words which the Martian telegraph operators have been flashing towards us," runs a startling article full of apparent veracity, "but that they constitute long messages and are meant to be read by inhabitants of the earth, he has no doubt."

Now suppose that all this budget of seeming miracle has fact for its base. Interplanetary communication is not really more wonderful than intercontinental communication—than the leagues of cable which already wed Europe to the West. And yet if the people of Mars should ever speak with us how transcendently mighty would be the epoch! Every event in history would pale before it. "The railway and steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind" would turn to merest commonplace by comparison. We already know that Mars is a far older planet than our own, and we have every scientific reason for believing that he is geologically similar. Our terrestrial brains might well reel at the thought of how his denizens human like ourselves, have solved problems before which our grandest thinkers have long bowed in powerless dismay. One can almost see the text of the unborn chronicler as he writes: "And now we come to a period in the world's development which nothing previous can parallel. Beside it the conquests of Persia, Greece and Rome were trivial, and but slightly momentous were the teachings of Plato and Socrates. It overshadowed all the tremendous impulse of the Crusade, in which more than three million people were slain. The Reformation, the coming of Cromwell, the infamous yet cleansing bloodshed of the French Revolution, the magnificent struggle and victory of Washington the shattering of serfdom by Alexander II in 1861, the abolition of negro slavery by Abraham Lincoln in 1863 all are relatively tame events. For hitherto the irresistible yet vacillant march of progress had moved along probable conceivable lines. But suddenly as it were a happening of the most stupendous import, of the most unprecedented value bade all our civilization tremble and thrill through every fiber of its enormous fabric . . ." And so on, and so on, from Gibbonses, Humes, Macaulays, Froudes, Prescotts and Leckys yet to be!

There is scarcely any imaginable limit to the quality and character of these predicted Martian messages. It is little short of appalling to consider what ferments of social upheaval they might effect. The very ability of the Martians to deliver them at all presupposes a state of enlightenment to which our own is almost barbaric. A race millions of years older than ours would be addressing us. The conception does not merely amaze, it horrifies. Some gigantic unanticipated force would abruptly hurl us, so to speak, forward into our own potential future. In a few months we would grow an aeon more aged. It might be a very earthquake, with us, of demolition and ravage. On every intellectual side, we might see creeds, theories, convictions, ideals, toppling and tottering like downflung towers and steeples. The entire conception of life might be altered for us, and we might realize with dreadful speed that we had been merely fumbling at the alphabet of existence. What we now name the unknowable might resolve itself into the lintel and doorstep of an infinately more subtle scheme, and the universe might swiftly become spectacular with intolerable disclosures. From Matter, Time, Space, Force, veils might be torn with terrible denuding violence. Many a weak mind might be whelmed in idiocy, many a strong one in madness. And then the whole cataclysm having wreaked upon us the full fury of its hot, hard shock, might leave us immeasurably saner, calmer, moraler, wiser. . . Who shall yet presume to prophesy either yes or no? Sir Francis Galton cannot, nor could Herchel or Newton were they alive to-day. All that any man can do is to work, watch and wait. When the first coherent message has actually been transmitted, what a moment of brain racking, heart straining interest! And the newspapers! But there let me pause. Why wantonly plunge into the ridiculous when proffered so secure a haven by the sublime?—Collier's Weekly.

The Dauphin District Resources

The fishing industry upon Lake Winnipegosis is becoming an important fact or in the future of that northern country. Enough men are now engaged in fishing through the ice to send out a carload of fish per week. The supply of fish in this lake is said to exceed that of Lake Winnipeg. On the shore of Lake Winnipegosis a farmer named Paul Wood has been for some years supplying the district with salt from a spring on his property, and it is believed that large deposits of rock salt must exist below. A diamond drill has lately been taken in and is now at work investigating the underlying strata so that in a few months it will be known what possibilities lie beneath Dauphin's fertile farming lands.

Her Head Full of Insects.

Several months ago an electric light bug flew into the ear of Mrs. William Swan, who lives near Elkhart, Ind., and for some days efforts to remove it were in vain. Finally it was gotten out by a physician, but she has suffered ever since from pain in her head, and recently another councils of physicians was called and made an examination. They found that her head was nearly filled with insects. The one that had flown in first had laid a large number of eggs while in the ear, and these have now hatched out. The victim of this terrible affliction is in a serious condition, and her death is probable.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

CONDENSED FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Short and Interesting Paragraphs that Treat of Men and Things in a General Way.

Ontario public accounts show a surplus of $240,000.

The Ontario legislature voted $6,000 to the Indian famine fund.

Lord Aberdeen remitted $50,000 to the Calcutta relief committee.

Grand Trunk receipts for last half of 1896 show a surplus of £39,000.

Driver Hooper, of "A" Battery, Kingston, Ont., has fallen heir to $50,000.

Baltis Rose, ex-M. P. P. for Belleville, Ont., and ex warden of Hastings is dead, aged 80.

A bill has been introduced in the Ontario legislature for the protection of immigrant children.

Lord Aberdeen has received a dispatch from Calcutta thanking Canadians for aid to famine sufferers.

Under new regulations provincial governments will have to pay postage on a large class of mail matter which was free formerly.

Walter Vaughan, of the law department of the Canadian Pacific railway, has been appointed bursar of McGill university at Montreal.

The third vein at the Empress mine at Port Arthur is ten feet wide, all free milling rock. It was only two feet on the surface.

Graham, Liberal Patron candidate in North Ontario, was declared elected by seventeen on a recount by Judge Dartnell, who ignored an injunction issued to stay proceedings.

The Ottawa board of trade endorses retaliation regarding the alien labor law, unless Washington authorities modify the bearings on Canadians. It opposes any reduction on government savings' deposits.

Agitation is on foot to provide better facilities for crossing the St. Lawrence, either by building a new bridge or by improving the present Victoria bridge at Montreal. Government aid is wanted for the project.

Samuel Hantley, a workman at Sunnyside rolling mills near Toronto, met with a terrible death while working a machine. A white hot bar struck him on the leg just above the knee, piercing through. Hantley fainted with agony and died in half an hour from the shock. He leaves a wife and three children.

A dispatch from Halifax says: The bill for the enactment of woman suffrage came up for second reading in the provincial legislature. It was given three months delay by a vote of 23 to 6. One member of the government voted in its favor, and the remainder against it. When a similar bill was up two years ago, the majority for its rejection was not large.

A shocking fatality occurred in the yards at the Grand Trunk Market street depot, in Brantford the other day. Mrs. Frederick Barsh, a middle aged lady, tried to cross over the track when a freight train was backing. Half a dozen men shouted to her to stop but she rushed on. Her foot slipped and she fell across the track the train passing over her body and causing instant death.

The big warehouse of Anderson, Peacey & Co., 61 to 65 Adelaide street west, Toronto, was gutted by fire the other morning between 7 and 8 o'clock and a large stock of paints, oils, varnishes and glass, is a total loss. The general alarm brought the whole brigade with three engines to the scene of the fire. The blaze shot up the elevator shaft and burned furiously for an hour or so. The fire was fortunately kept within the building in which it started. There was a highly inflammable stock, which made the efforts to extinguish it practically useless, till the fury burnt out.

TWO DARING RAIDS.

Field of Tall Grass Surrounding Spaniards Set on Fire.

Maj. Frederick Nunez, insurgent leader in Pinar del Rio, had a fight the other day in West Las Mangas on the military road. Nunez attacked the Spanish camp about midnight. It was on the edge of a vast field of tall dry grass. Nunez set fire to it and the wind drove the fire right on the camp. The Spaniards rushed to sav their supplies not suspecting a raid, whereupon the insurgents dashed in dealing death right and left. The Spaniards offered stout resistance, but after some sharp fighting broke and fled, leaving all their supplies and pack horses to the insurgents. Twenty Spaniards were killed and eleven Cubans. The latter, however lost Medoro, one of the boldest scouts of Maceo's old army.

Mirandi, less than five miles west of Havana, was raided by the insurgents the other night, and ten houses burned. The small Spanish garrison withdrew after firing a few rounds.

The insurgents looted stores and escaped with considerable plunder.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Death Rate Shows Little Sign of Decrease.

An official dispatch from Bombay says that 1,835 deaths occurred there during the week ending Friday, February 12, of which 813 were due to bubonic plague. At Poona 47 cases of the plague were reported as compared with 43 cases during the week previous. At Karachi 269 deaths were reported as compared with 297, 181 and 206 deaths during the three weeks previous.

The government has forbidden pilgrims from Bombay and Sind to embark on any ship from any port of India. All the pilgrims who have already arrived at seaport towns with a view of proceeding to Hedjaz, Arabia, are to be detained in a camp of inspection until the plague is abated, when they will be sent home at the expense of the government.

A Mystery Cleared at Last.

A mystery of long standing in Tyler county, W. Va., has finally been solved by the deathbed confession of Dr. John B Gorrill. Eight years ago, Alexander Campbell, a wealthy and well known farmer of the vicinity, was blown to pieces by a dynamite explosion in the house of Dr Gorrill, but, strange to say, none of the doctor's family were injured. Gorrill was always suspected of having had a hand in the death of Campbell, but evidence enough to justify his arrest could never be secured. Dr. Gorrill died the other week, and just before he breathed his last he told the story of the affair. Campbell had come to collect a $50 debt and a quarrel ensued. He struck Campbell with a club and killed him, and then to cover up his crime placed the body on a bed and exploded a stick of dynamite under it, taking the precaution to remove his family from the building first.

WHO MURDERED HER?

An Astonishing Crime in a London Suburban Train.

Nothing since the "Jack the Ripper" murders has so aroused London and all England as the tragedy in a suburban train on the Southwestern Railway a few days ago. The train from Hounslow reached the London terminus at 8 30 o'clock. After the passengers left a car-cleaner, inspecting the carriages, found the mutilated body of a young woman partially concealed beneath a seat in a second class compartment. The body, which was still warm, was dragged out with difficulty, for the upper part of the body had been forced under the seat with great violence. It was found that the skull had been crushed in by a couple of heavy blows. There was evidence of a severe struggle before the victim succumbed. There was no trace whatever of the murderer.

The most astonishing feature of the crime was the fact that the train's longest run between stations was only five minutes, and nobody had seen or heard anything to excite suspicion. The young woman was immediately identified by her fiancee, who was waiting at the station to meet her. She was Miss Elizabeth Kemp, who was manager of a small hotel at Walworth. She had been spending the afternoon with relatives in the Hounslow suburban district, six or seven miles from the center of the city. The fact which chiefly arouses public interest is that such a crime could be committed in a railway compartment within London itself and the perpetrator escape without exciting suspicion.

England still clings to the compartment system of railway travel for the very reason which cost this young woman her life. It is the object of every Englishman and woman to secure an unoccupied compartment if possible, for a railway journey, long or short. The danger from thieves ruffians and maniacs is supposed to exist only on long runs. It is impossible thus far, to assign even a motive for this tragedy.

Nothing has been found connected with the murderer except his weapon, which was a chemist's heavy pestle. This was discovered near the line at Putney, about three miles out. It was covered with blood and one or two hairs from the girl's head. The victim's clothing was badly torn and smeared with blood, but it is hardly possible that the murderer attempted an outrage, for, with the time at his disposal, it must have been necessary actually to kill the woman on leaving one station in order to crowd the body under the seat in time to leave the train at the next. It is not considered possible that the murderer remained in the car while the train stopped at any station, for passengers are likely to enter at any moment.

It is not known positively whether robbery was committed, for, although the woman's purse was empty near the body, and no valuables were found in her pocket, her diamond brooch remained fastened at her throat. It is supposed she had quite a sum of money, but this is only conjecture. The police thus far are quite nonplussed although they are actively following a variety of clues connecting passengers who left the train at way stations with the crime. One theory is that an escaped female lunatic from Putney killed the girl.

THE CHARLESTON BLOCADE.

The Cruiser Vesuvious Successfully Runs the Gauntlet of the Blocade.

Notwithstanding Admiral Bunce's carefully arranged plans for the effectual blockade of Charleston harbor, the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius successfully ran the gauntlet of the North Atlantic squadron. The blockaders were not aware of the feat of the ocean pacer, until a prearranged signal, a sky rocket, was fired from the bow of the Vesuvius. Admiral Bunce was surprised and disappointed. He had thought the thing impossible and was loth to believe the report it is said, when conveyed to him. How the blockade was run is preserved as a secret on board the Vesuvius. Officers are all boasting over the feat and are as pleased over it as the blockaders are chagrined. The Vesuvius' trip simply showed there are American command rs sufficiently skilled in the science of naval tactics to elude a well organized cordon of ships, stretched before an American port. The night was rainy and foggy, but the search lights played over the channel continuously during the evening. The dispatch boat Dolphin, which also gave the fleet the slip a few nights ago, is expected from Jacksonville at any time. The Cushing, Ericsson and torpedo boat No. 6 are also on their way to reinforce the blockade runners.

Pilots and old blockade runners are greatly excited over the manoeuvres of the squadron, all anxious for an opportunity to take a runner out.

CARIBOO PLACERS.

More Gold Than is Known to Exist in California.

Although fifty or sixty million dollars' worth of gold has been taken on from the Cariboo placers, it is generally regarded as but a fractional part of what remains to be recovered. The district occupies a large portion of the province of British Columbia.

Williams Creek, two miles long, and having an average of 50 feet in width, of old channel, produced some $20,000,000 in gold since it was opened in 1861. Much of the gold was taken out by primitive mining methods. This is perhaps the most phenomenal yield ever obtained in placer mining, making the returns ten million dollars to the mile of bed worked. With the improved apparatus now being introduced, Williams Creek will probably yield $25,000,000 more. Bakerville is on the stream. Every summer Indians and Chinese wash over the gravel of the abandoned claims.

John B. Hobson, a mining engineer of 25 years' experience in California, says that he has seen in the Cariboo and Lillooet districts three times the amount of gold gravel that is known to exist in California.

A Lockout in Chicago.

Two thousand tanners and carriers, employees of half a dozen of the big tanneries of Chicago have been locked out and will be until the trouble between employers and employes which was precipitated by a strike of the 500 men employed by W. N. Eicendrath and company, has been settled. All the companies affiliated with the hide and leather manufacturers, have united in declaring a reduction of 10 to 20 per cent. in wages, and raising the working hours from eight to ten hours per day, and when this was put into effect at the Eicendrath tannery a few days since, a strike occurred at once. Other tanneries in town are expected to take similar action, and it is expected every tannery in the city will have closed its doors. Almost a riot occurred at the Eicendrath establishment and but for the arrival of police and a vigorous use of clubs the building might have been demolished. Managers of various tanneries state they are forced to reduce wages and raise working hours from the fact that they are unable to compete with outside cities.

THE SPANIARDS FEAR

THE DYNAMITE GUN.

In the Hands of the Cubans this Weapon Does Great Execution.

A detachment of insurgents from Gen Lacrete's army, had a battle with a band of guerillas under Major Zulasca, and a portion of the Havana volunteers, under Col. Sanchez. The Cubans attacked a blockhouse ten miles west of Havana, not knowing that a large Spanish force was nearby. They had partly captured the fort, when Spanish reinforcements came up. The Cubans were caught between the columns and for several hours a fight was waged fast and furious.

Finding they could not make progress against such odds, the Spaniards out-numbering them two to one, the Cubans drew off part of the volunteers then made a furious and unexpected onslaught, compelling them to retreat, and offering a passage-way for the insurgents. Through this they passed with a loss of some 100. The Spanish lost over double that number. Notwithstanding the defeat the insurgents managed to dismantle the fort, and it had to be destroyed.

A pay train on the railroad near Candelaria, province Pinar Del Rio, was wrecked by Cubans, and over $600,000 in silver secured. The Cubans killed ten guards and captured four Spanish guerillas belonging to San Martin's band. The latter were instantly put to the machette by the infuriated Cubans.

Private advices received here contain assurances that an engagement occurred between the Spanish troops commanded by Col. Arjona and the insurgents under Gen. Gomez. It is reported that Gomez was wounded in the leg.

The dynamite gun General Maceo thought so much of has been doing remarkable work again. It could not be used lately as the ammunition gave out, but an expedition has just provided a new supply. A detachment of 700 Spaniards under Colonel Sanchez, attacked one of General Morano's camps the other week, hoping to capture the gun, which was known to be stowed there, and the Spaniards had heard that there was no ammunition for it. The insurgents were well protected by entrenchments, and knew the enemy's plans. As the Spanish troops advanced the insurgents met them with a rapid fire of musketry and then retreated as if in disorder, up a narrow gorge into a second set of works. The Spaniards, thinking victory was within their grasp, pushed forward, despite the orders of their officers, who suspected a trap, and no sooner had they fairly entered the cul de-sac, when the dynamite gun opened on them. The first shell killed dozens in the front ranks. "El diablo Americano" cried the terrified troops as they attempted to retreat but those behind pushed on. A second shot did still more damage, and then a third and fourth. By this time the troops managed to get out, and an insurgent charge completed the rout. More than 300 Spaniards are said to have been killed, wounded or captured, five officers being killed. The Cubans lost seventy-five men.

A special to the New York World from Cuba says: "The case of Sylvester Scovell, the World correspondent has been reported on by the authorities and four indictments have been found against him. The first count accuses him of an act of rebellion for having travelled in the field without a military passport, as required by the proclamation declaring the country in a state of war. That Scovell, however, was guilty of an act of hostility toward the Spanish government is not even pretended. The second count accuses him of the possession of false papers in the name of Harry Williams; the third for having procured the same; and the fourth for the use of the papers. The paper in the cases has been sent to Santa Clara. Scovell will remain in Sancti Spiritus until his examination takes place in Santa Clara. I am going to that place to be present at the trial. They did not find any arms on Scovell. Neither did they find any documents except notes, eulogizing the Spanish soldiers in warm terms. Scovell's prospects are very satisfactory."

CONFESSES A MURDER.

A Convict in the Kingston Penitentiary Says He Committed Murder in 1893.

Considerable sensation was caused in the city of Kingston when news circulated that a convict in the penitentiary named Troy had made a voluntary confession that in September, 1893, he shot and killed Angus McLeod, of Napanee, Government Detective Rogers, who had charge of the investigation into the murder, and who a few months ago, visited the penitentiary in connection with the case, took down the convict's confession. Troy is a tramp, who while stealing a ride on a train from St. Catherines, was noticed by the conductor, who attempted to put him off. Troy pulled a revolver and fired three bullets into the conductor, none of which had a fatal effect. The convict comes from the western portion of the province. He made the confession voluntarily and in presence of Warden Metcalfe. Should the confession show evidence of being genuine, Troy, who is comparatively a young man, will be taken to Napanee and tried for the crime. When being marched from the warden's office to the prison of isolation Troy told the escort he would sooner die than put in twenty years in prison, hence his idea of confessing the murder of McLeod.

The Edict of Capt.-Gen. Weyler.

The details of the edict issued by Captain General Weyler to keep script on a par with gold show that he prohibits speculation in exchanging bank bills for coin or vice versa, in exchange houses where it has been the practice, and orders these establishments to affix the edict to their doors over the national colors, with the number of the "Matriculation subsidy," and quotations in exchange for gold and silver. The edict prohibits the quoting of bills, and orders the use of a day book to record operations, according to the stamp act. Establishments buying and selling effects, and industries of all kinds are obliged to receive bills at their full value, and exchange them for small bills, the only condition being that the buyers must spend one dollar of a five dollar bill, or receive one per cent. discount while the small bills are scarce.

Lives With a Hole in His Head.

That a man could live with a hole five inches in diameter in his skull seems strange, but that is just what Robert Merrigold, now in a hospital at Chamberlain, S. D., has done for some time. A good many years ago it was discovered that there was a hole in the left side of Merrigold's head about two inches across, and ever since the hole has been constantly growing larger. The scalp covers the hole, and is the only covering over the man's brain. The physicians who have examined the case are at a loss to know the nature of the disease or what is the cause. Merrigold, who is over 75 years old, never felt any ill effects from the strange affliction until a couple of years ago, but since that time his mind has been gradually giving way.

THE NEWS IN GENERAL.

The Incidents of the World Around us Briefly Portrayed.

Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin are suffering from a fierce blizzard.

Lord Salisbury will be offered a dukedom on the occasion of the queen's jubilee.

Farmers in the vicinity of Cass City, Mich., have a surplus of potatoes and they are willing to sell them at five cents per bushel.

After waiting 1,900 years the town of Venosa, the ancient Venusium, where Horace was born, has decided to erect a monument to him.

After a long and bitter fight in the senate of Texas, that body passed the Fellow servant bill, holding railroads responsible for the acts of their employees.

A fat man's club has been established in Paris under the name of "Les Cent Kilos," no man weighing less than 200 pounds being accepted. On state occasions the club will parade in a body.

The police of San Francisco recently raided the gambling dens of Chinatown and arrested 500 Chinese. The raid was a surprise to the Chinese and they were caught with the establishments in full blast.

A measure of great importance was passed without a dissenting vote in the senate at Albany, N. Y., the other morning. It was Senator Mullin's bill providing that persons convicted of placed obstructions on the railroad tracks shall be guilty of murder in the first degree.

Considerable excitement has been created by the discovery in Ransburg, Cal., of ore, capable of producing $5,000 per ton. The vein was only about four inches on the surface, but widens to three feet at the other end, which is the greatest depth atttained. The ore is fabulously rich and shows very coarse gold—the coarsest, in fact, ever found in the country.

Northville, Mich., has a unique village council. At their last meeting a man who had received injuries by falling on a walk and had asked for but $25 damages was allowed that amount. The committee reported that the injured man had no legal case against the village, but inasmuch as he asked for such a small sum the committee begged to report in favor of the allowance, and appropriation for the amount was made.

Joseph A. Iasigi, Turkish consul-general at Boston, was arrested at the Albemarle hotel in New York on a telegraphic request from Boston. The warrant on which Iasigi was arrested charges him with the embezzlement of $8,000 from Peter Charles Lesrieux. Bail was fixed at $10,000, the magistrate saying that he understood that $250,000 was involved in the case, and the prisoner was remanded until he could secure bail.

Perhaps the strangest wedding trip heard of for some time will be the one which is to be taken by Robert Schoenbeck and his bride, who were married at Dubuque, Ia., the other week. The groom is a gold-miner in Alaska, and the wedding trip will be a journey to Central City, within six miles of the Arctic circle. The bridal tour will involve thousands of miles of travel over mountains and frozen rivers on sleds, and the couple do not expect to reach their destination until June.

TO NAVIGATE THE AIR.

Two San Franciscans Think They Have Solved the Problem.

Leonard H. Clawson and Adam Back, two well-known business men of San Francisco believe they have solved the problem of aerial navigation. They have just made application for patents on the device which they think will overcome the obstacles that have heretofore resisted the efforts of inventors, and are at work now on the construction of an air-ship or flying machine embodying the principles they have studied out. The machine now in process of construction consists essentially of four rods, each twenty feet long, parallel to each other, working on ball bearings in a well braced framework supporting the motive power and steering apparatus below. On each of these rods are a series of double wings constructed of a steel wire framework, over which silk is stretched. These are so arranged in relation to each other that when one wing is rising open the other is descending closed, and also maintain the balance of the machine, thus half the wings are every instant pressing downward while the other half are rising but not pressing upward. Should the motive power fail for any reason the entire wing surface instantly forms a parachute. A machine twenty feet long and with a bearing surface six feet wide, it is believed, can be made to raise a weight of 600 pounds, and one occupant alone supplying the active power. The machine now being built will be in its mechanical construction strictly up to date. The inventors believe that in quantities such machines could be built for $100 a piece.

UNDESIRABLES FOR ROSSLAND.

A Company of Gamblers and Confidence Men en Route to Kootenay.

The Montreal Star says: The local detectives have heard of a rumor which does not greatly displease them, and which no doubt will be received by all respectable citizens in a similar spirit. It refers to an expedition fitted out to invade the new mining country, and there reap, with as little trouble as possible, as much as possible of the reward of the hard work put in by the men who actually wrest from the mines their gold and silver treasures. The objective point of the expedition is Rossland, and the party will comprise about fifteen men. These have been recruited from the "slickes," and most dangerous of confidence men and gamblers who have infested Montreal this winter, and they intend to start within a couple of weeks for their destination. The plan is to open an hotel and gambling house in the new mining town, and the money to be laid out in the scheme is to be furnished by a Montrealer, who up to this time has borne a good reputation. The names of some of the men who will join the expedition are known. Three of them will leave first, and the others will usually drop into place, one by one, at various intervals, so as not to arouse suspicion that they all belong to the same gang.

A Maniac in Church.

A madman created a scene in the Pilgrim Temple Baptist church in Chicago the other afternoon, causing many women to faint and terrifying 500 children. The maniac was William Bird, a reputable member of the church. When Sunday school convened Bird was present. Superintendent Thomas J. Bolger gave out a hymn and the pupils sang it. Bird objected, but no attention was paid to him. Supt. Bolger gave out a second hymn, and the music of the organ had just began, when Bird, his face livid, rushed up the aisle. Mr. Bolger is an athlete, and when Bird leapt upon the pulpit platform, he struck the maniac a heavy blow with his hand in the face. The madman rolled down the steps. He was carried out and placed under arrest.

Men and Arms For Cuba.

One of the largest Cuban expeditions ever sailed from the gulf coast, sailed away the other night from Pass Cavail, midway between Galveston and Corpus Christi, Texas. The expedition consisted of 300 thoroughly armed frontiersmen who have been quietly gathered in the southwest within the last sixty days. The vessel which sailed is owned by wealthy parties who are non-residents of Texas. They lay several days near Port Brazode Santiago from which they quietly slipped out, reaching Pass Cavail two days after. The cargo includes 140,000 rounds of mixed ammunition for rifles and shot guns, revolvers, and several thousand stands of arms.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE—Taking effect on Monday August 24, 1896.

MAIN LINE.

N. Bound, Read Up. Freight No. 155 Daily.	St. Paul Ex. No. 103 Daily.	STATIONS.	S. Bound, Read Down. St. Paul Ex. No. 104 Daily.	Freight No. 154 Daily.
8 3[illegible]a	2 55p	Winnipeg	1 0[illegible]a	[illegible]
8 5a	2 44p	‡Portage Junc.	1 1[illegible]a	7 00p
7 50a	2 28p	‡St. Norbert	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 30a	2 14p	Cartier	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 58a	1 55p	St. Agathe	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 4[illegible]a	1 46p	‡Union Point	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 2[illegible]a	1 35p	‡Silver Plains	2 14p	[illegible]
5 34	1 3[illegible]p	Morris	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 2a	1 1[illegible]p	St. Jean	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 5[illegible]a	12 4[illegible]p	Letellier	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 5a	12 2[illegible]p	Emerson	[illegible]	11 [illegible]
2 3a	12 1[illegible]p	Pembina	3 40p	11 40p
8 3[illegible]p	8 5[illegible]a	Grand Forks	7 05p	7 5[illegible]a
11 4[illegible]a	5 0[illegible]a	Winnipeg Junc.	10 [illegible]p	5 00p
	7 3[illegible]a	Duluth	8 0[illegible]a	
	8 3[illegible]a	Minneapolis	6 4[illegible]a	
	8 0[illegible]a	St. Paul	7 1[illegible]a	
	10 3[illegible]a	Chicago	9 3[illegible]a	

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

E. Bound Read Up. Ft. No. 254 Mon. Wed. and Friday	Ex. No. 204 Tues. Thur. Sat.	STATIONS.	W. Bound Read Down. Ex. No. 203 Monday Wed. Fri.	Ft. No. 255 Tues. Thur. Sat.
8 30a	2 55p	Winnipeg	1 00a	6 45p
8 30p	1 05p	Morris	2 35p	7 00a
7 20p	12 43p	‡Lowe Farm	2 5[illegible]p	7 50a
6 54p	12 18p	‡Myrtle	3 2[illegible]p	8 4[illegible]a
6 04p	12 08p	Roland	3 4[illegible]p	9 10a
5 27p	11 51a	‡Rosebank	3 5[illegible]p	9 4[illegible]a
4 53p	11 3[illegible]a	Miami	4 06p	10 17a
4 02p	11 17a	‡Deerwood	4 2[illegible]p	11 1[illegible]a
3 2[illegible]p	11 0[illegible]a	‡Altamont	4 4[illegible]p	11 4[illegible]a
2 45p	10 47a	Somerset	4 5[illegible]p	12 2[illegible]p
2 08p	10 2[illegible]a	‡Swan Lake	5 1[illegible]p	1 0[illegible]p
1 35p	10 1[illegible]a	‡Indian Springs	5 2[illegible]p	1 3[illegible]p
1 0 p	10 07a	‡Mariapolis	5 3[illegible]p	2 0[illegible]p
12 2[illegible]p	9 52a	‡Greenway	5 5[illegible]p	2 45p
11 56a	9 38a	Baldur	6 2[illegible]p	3 2[illegible]p
11 02a	9 17a	Belmont	6 4[illegible]p	4 1[illegible]p
10 2[illegible]a	8 58a	‡Hilton	7 0[illegible]p	5 0[illegible]p
9 45a	8 48a	‡Ashdown	7 1[illegible]p	5 3[illegible]p
9 22a	8 36a	Wawanesa	7 2[illegible]p	6 0[illegible]p
8 54a	8 2[illegible]a	‡Elliotts	7 3[illegible]p	6 1[illegible]p
8 2[illegible]a	8 14a	Rounthwaite	7 4[illegible]p	6 5[illegible]p
7 4[illegible]a	7 57a	‡Martinville	8 0[illegible]p	7 4[illegible]p
7 00a	7 40a	Brandon	8 2[illegible]p	8 3[illegible]p

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

W. Bound Read Down Mixed No. 303, Every Day Except Sunday.	STATIONS.	E. Bound Read Up Mixed No. 304, Every Day Except Sunday.
4 45 pm	Winnipeg	12 35 pm
4 58 pm	‡Portage Junc.	12 17 am
5 14 pm	‡St. Charles	11 50 am
5 19 pm	‡Headingly	11 42 am
5 42 pm	‡White Plains	11 17 am
6 15 pm	‡Gravel Pit Spur	10 51 am
6 13 pm	‡La Salle Tank	10 42 am
6 25 pm	‡Eustice	10 29 am
6 47 pm	‡Oakville	10 0[illegible] am
7 00 pm	‡Curtis	9 50 am
7 30 pm	Portage la Prairie	9 30 am

‡Flag station.

Stations marked ‡ have no agent. Freight must be prepaid.

Numbers 103 and 104 have through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Also Palace Dining Cars. Close connection at Chicago with eastern lines. Connection at Winnipeg Junction with trains to and from the Pacific coast.

For rates and full information concerning connections with other lines, etc., apply to any agent of the company, or

CHAS. S. FEE, G.P. & T.A., St Paul. H. SWINFORD, Gen. Agt., Winnipeg

Manitoba & Northwestern Railway.

TIME CARD, JAN. 3rd, 1897.

Read down / Read up

Mon Wed Fri to Minnedosa	Tuesday, Thur and Saturday	Monday and Friday	Stations.	Tuesday and Saturday	Monday Wed. and Friday	Tues Thur Sat from Minnedosa
	9 55	D	Winnipeg	A	21 25	
	10 00		Air Line Junction		21 20	
	10 12		Bergen		21 05	
	10 26		Rosser		20 47	
	10 40		Meadows		20 25	
	11 5[illegible]		Marquette		20 20	
	11 0[illegible]		Reaburn		20 08	
	1 20		Poplar Point		19 57	
	11 38		High Bluff		19 40	
9 25	11 55 / 12 10	12 30	Portage la Prairie	19 00	19 25 / 19 05	16 00
10 10	12 1[illegible]	3 0[illegible]	Macdonald	18 25	18 45	15 15
10 5[illegible]	12 45	13 30	Westbourne	18 00	18 30	14 40
11 4[illegible]	13 01	4 0[illegible]	Woodside	17 50	18 10	13 55
12 [illegible]	13 20		Gladstone	17 00	17 55	13 20
13 2	13 50	4 50			17 25	12 10
14 0[illegible]	14 10		Midway		17 02	11 25
14 4	14 30		Arden		16 50	10 45
15 3[illegible]						9 5[illegible]
16 3	14 59		Neepawa		16 30	9 3[illegible]
17 25	15 17		Franklin		16 05	8 4[illegible]
18 15	15 40	A	Minnedosa	D	15 45	8 00

Tu to Russell Thu to Binsc'h	Saturday to Yorkton	Monday to Birtle	Stations.	Monday from Birtle	Monday from Yorkton	Wed from Binsc'h Fri from Russell
16 10	16 56	6 30	Minnedosa	18 00	15 30	15 15
16 50	16 30	7 20	Basswood	17 40	15 05	14 30
17 25	16 47	8 00	Newdale	17 10	14 47	13 55
18 05	17 00	8 45	Strathclair	16 25	14 26	13 10
18 45	17 22	9 35	Shoal Lake	15 40	14 01	12 25
19 15	17 41	10 05	Kelloe	14 45	13 45	11 55
19 40	17 57	10 25	Solsgirth	14 00	13 20	11 15
20 15	18 20	11 25 A D	Birtle	D A 13 30	13 05	10 40
21 00	19 30				11 45	10 05
21 30	20 10		Foxwarren		11 10	9 30
22 30	20 55		Binscarth		10 36	8 50
	22 10		Harrowby		9 30	
	22 50		Langenburg		8 40	
	23 20		Churchbridge		8 10	
	23 45		Bredenbury		7 41	
	24 30		Saltcoats		7 15	
	1 30		Rokeby		6 25	
	1 55	A	Yorkton	D	6 00	

SHELL RIVER BRANCH.

Tuesdays		Stations		Wednesday
22 30	D	Binscarth	A	9 40
23 15	A	Russell	D	8 00

SASKATCHEWAN & WESTERN R'Y.

Thursdays		Stations		Fridays
16 10	D	[illegible] Junction	A	15 00
16 40		Riverdale		14 10
17 10	A	Rapid City	D	14 00

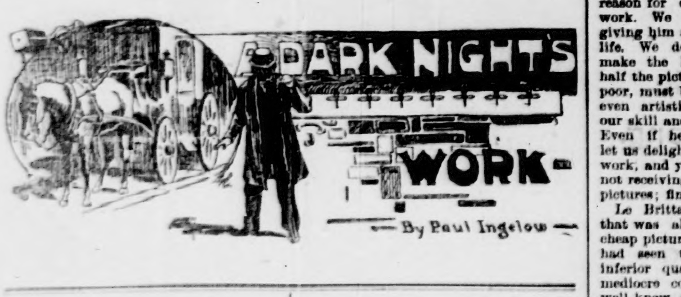
W. R. BAKER, Gen. Manager. A. McDONALD, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Co.

Going North read down / Going South Read up

3rd Class Freight No. 3 Fri. only.	2nd Class Mixed No. 1 Mon Fri	STATIONS.	2nd Class Mixed No. 2 Thur Sat	3rd Class Freight No. 4 Fri. only.
d14 35		Gladstone Jc	a16 5[illegible]	
	15 00	Ogilvie	16 30	
	15 22	Plumas	16 07	
	16 05	Glenella	15 22	
	16 35	Glencairn	15 0[illegible]	
	17 15	Elliott	14 24	
	17 32	Laurier	13 57	
	17 16	Makinak	13 22	
	18 20	Ochre River	13 10	
d19 45	a19 00	Dauphin	d12 20	a11 4[illegible]
20 15		Valley River		11 10
a20 40		Sifton		d10 50

D. B. HANNA, Superintendent.



A DARK NIGHT'S WORK

By Paul Ingelow

CHAPTER XII.—THE UNEXPECTED.

Photography is a wonderful art. In a creative sense, it outstrips any other kindred science with the rapidity and accuracy of its operation; in a preservative sense, it enables us to perpetuate a fac-simile of the most wonderful crumbling antique specimen of architecture. True to its focus as an arrow to the target, it can always be depended upon, when a skilled hand manipulates the camera.

All this Jera Le Britta had thought of a thousand times. It flashed through his mind now as, staring at the glass negative in his hand, he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. Combined with those meditations, however, a new phase of the art had been vividly presented—the unexpected in the photographic.

For the unexpected confronted him. A problem and a surprise greeted his vision. A careful man, a methodical man, no wonder that he was deeply stirred!

In the first place, the plate before him bore outlines marked, vivid, distinct, peculiar.

Furthermore, he had "never pressed the button" to take that picture!

Lastly, the impression on the plate revived all the past regarding his strange adventures at Hawthorne villa with a rush that overpowered him.

First wonder, then speculation, then a dawning, thrilling triumph illumined his eyes.

His companion, startled to silence and curiosity by his strange pose, studied the varying expression of Le Britta's intelligent face with a questioning look.

But Dr. Richard Milton's companion was too engrossed in his penetrating survey of the little glass plate to note extraneous occurrences or distracting influences.

"Wonderful!" he gasped at last, and his quick eyes sought out every line and shadow on the negative.

"Providential!" he whispered to himself, almost reverently, a moment later.

Yes, truly wonderful, truly providential was the manifestation of the moment.

For the plate bore a representation of half the table where he had placed his camera the day of his interview with Gideon Vernon, the dead master of Hawthorne villa.

It did something more—it revealed a pile of books, the medicine case of the recluse, and, propped up across it carelessly, the last valid will and testament of the uncle of missing Gladys Vernon.

"Yes, there it was, line for line, word for word, signatures of witnesses, seals, all! Plain as day, accurate as the original instrument itself, the glass plate bore the chronicle of the precious document that baffled all the evil schemes and pretences of wicked Ralph Durand, that had been written with tincture of iodine, and, fading out as the schemer had planned, had later presented only a blank, worthless sheet of paper, leaving the plotter master of the situation, and censor of innocent, imperilled Gladys Vernon's life.

What did it mean, how came that picture in the camera? Of a surety, Jera Le Britta had not touched slide, button or shutter since the hour that he took the picture of pretty Gladys in the rain-sparkling arbor, where the evil, sinister face of Ralph Durand had appeared, except to prepare that same picture in a dark room with his ruby lamp at the Vernon mansion.

His keen memory, however, careful of details, stored well with mental history of the near past, supplied the missing link of augury and conjecture.

He had placed his camera on the table in the sick room, after showing the invalid, Gideon Vernon, the picture that had revealed to the latter the identity of a dreaded enemy. There it had remained during their long interview. He recalled the signing of the will, he remembered how Gideon Vernon had spread it out for the ink to dry ere he folded it up and delivered it into the keeping of Gladys Vernon, and he remembered, too, how Gladys, anxious and agitated over all her uncle's excitement, had nervously handled the camera, clicking it unconsciously, until he had laughingly warned her that "it was loaded!"

She must, then, have touched the button at that moment of careless fumbling with the apparatus. By a strange caprice of circumstances, the will lay just within focus of the instrument. Click! snap! the faithful little monitor of photography had done its duty, swiftly and completely. The will had been photographed!

The camera had been undisturbed until Le Britta's arrival home. The energetic Maud had lost no time in carrying out his instructions to develop the pictures it contained. This one had been among them, and here he had come home with a heavy heart for the complications surrounding poor, fugitive Gladys Vernon, while in his possession he unwittingly carried a formidable weapon against the man who had scored a mighty triumph as the king of knaves and prince of plotters.

Well might a thrilling gladness succeed to marveling wonder! As Jera Le Britta realized all that his discovery meant, he forgot that he had come home to attend to business duties, to rest and work ere he again saw the friends of Gladys Vernon. He was no longer the photographer, the friend, the father, the husband, the employer—every chivalrous and generous instinct in his nature aroused, he was the champion of lovely distress, the rival of plotting cruelty, the shrewd, energetic detective deeply interested in a complicated case, and eager and anxious to wield the new-found power that flashed over his mind like a vivid light, gleaming amid the darkness and gloom of a cheerless, hopeless night.

"I have found the clue!"

He sprang to his feet waving the glass plate dramatically.

Dr. Richard Milton arose simultaneously. He stared in wonder at his friend.

"I don't know whether bromide is strong enough," he remarked.

"Eh!" exclaimed Le Britta, with a start, aroused to the reality of his surroundings. "What are you talking about?"

"I say that bromide may not be strong enough."

"For what?" queried Le Bria, blankly.

"For your nerves. You are either bidding good-by to your senses, or preparing for your debut on the dramatic stage. I say, Jera, old friend! what's the matter with you, anyway? For fully ten minutes you have sat staring at that bit of glass, and rolling your eyes, and muttering, and frowning and smiling. Allow me to feel your pulse."

"Oh, I see" smiled Le Britta. "Pardon, doctor, but I have been shocked, stunned, amazed. If you were in my place"—

"Put me there, then," interrupted the doctor, keenly.

"Eh! how?"

"By telling me what is on your mind."

"Good! I should have done so soon, anyway. Yes, your advice will help me. Sit down. I want to tell you a story."

Rapidly succinctly, Jera Le Britta detailed every event of his experience since that mysterious day when he had first met the Vernons.

Wonder-eyed, interested, excited, the sympathetic, impressionable doctor listened. Such a narrative had never greeted his ears before. Unconsciously an orator and an actor the accompanying gestures of Le Britta, the dramatic intonation of a man deeply concerned in the case under discussion, rendered the recital as emotional and effective as a thrilling scene in a drama acted out upon the mimic stage.

When his friend came to the discovery of the hour, the doctor could scarcely contain himself for excitement

"Jera!" he cried. "It seems incredible. And you call yourself a photographer? Why, man you'd make your fortune as a detective!"

"If my efforts can baffle that scoundrel, Ralph Durand, and restore to poor Gladys Vernon her wronged lover, Sydney Vance, I shall be content to be considered what you like," responded Le Britta, seriously. "Now then, you have heard the story."

"And I have listened to every word of it with the deepest interest and wonder."

"Then weigh them carefully."

"I have done so."

"And your advice?"

Doctor Milton shook his head slowly but resolutely.

"I advise you?" he murmured, deprecatingly. "No, no, old friend! A man who can do what you have done in this case, needs no adviser, your duty is plain."

"You mean?"

"To go straight back to Hawthorne villa."

"With the plate?"

"With the plate, that proves all you can swear to about the will. Why! with such formidable evidence, what court in Christendom would doubt that Gideon Vernon intended to dispossess that Durand of his power as guardian?"

"But is the photograph of a will valid—is its evidence irrefutable?"

"I hardly know. Suffice it, that it would baffle Durand. Produced in court, with your story, it would place Durand under such deep suspicion, as the person who juggled with the original document, that he would either be divested of his fraudulently-obtained authority, or placed under the strict surveillance of justice. Le Britta, we need you here. The town needs you. A man like you, with your genial, encouraging ways, brisk, business facilities, and rapid, turning over of capital, is no unimportant element in its commercial economy. Your friends miss you, you belong to us, and to your family, but that poor girl, Gladys, needs a champion. At one stroke, you may be able to frighten Durand away. Go back to Hawthorne villa, I say, complete your chivalrous record by a last good deed. I needn't tell you that. A man of your kind heart and noble impulses could not rest if you thought any sacrifice would benefit the persecuted and orphaned. Go! I feel sanguine you have solved the problem of that innocent young girl's life, in the discovery of the photograph of the last will and testament of Gideon Vernon."

Jera Le Britta assumed a serious, determined expression. He was wearied. He longed for the rest, the comfort, the contentment of home, but duty seemed to point the way back the via dolorosa he had come.

He regarded the pile of orders and unfinished pictures on a table near by with a sigh, he thought of the discomforts of a journey with no pleasing anticipations.

"I will go," he said, simply. "I will see what power lies in this precious little glass negative to pave the way to justice, and right a great wrong.

CHAPTER XIII.—GOOD-BY!

Jera Le Britta went to a cabinet as he expressed his new determination, and proceeded to secure the glass negative safely. That little article of furniture had every requisite ready at hand to pack photographs and their concomitants for preservation or transmission through the mails, and he soon had the precious plate provided with safe coverings, secure from risk of mar or breakage, and encased in a neat envelope.

The operation, methodical and neat, was characteristic of the man. He was careful in small things. That was the key-note of his success. "A time and a place for everything," was his motto, and, excited and anxious as he was, he made sure of the safety of the negative, transferred it to his pocket, and closed the cabinet.

It contained an elegant line of stationery, cards, envelopes and the like, all bearing his name in script, a bold, striking signature, formed in a soft shade of red embossed letters. The material of the stationery, too, was of the finest grade. The cards were bought to wear and look well—no ragged edges, no split filaments. The outer envelopes for holding photographs were of rice or linen paper, giving a tone and finish to everything that left his establish-

He announced to Miss Maud his intention of leaving home at once again to be gone for several days.

The dainty artiste made a wry grimace of mock despair. Her deft, delicate fingers never shirked work, but she knew how weighty were the responsibilities of the business, how harmonious and smooth were its operations with the firm, self-reliant, guiding hand of her employer to rule and navigate.

"I am sorry, but I imagine you can get through with the orders while I am gone," spoke Le Britta, kindly.

"I will try," murmured Maud, "and do my best."

"You always do that, Maud. We must deliver all orders on time."

"But which first? There are some photographs for that man who brought his whole family here. You remember—the laborer with eleven children, a mother-in-law and four nephews. His can wait, can they not? I can have them ready on time, only he is anxious to have them before time."

"Try and accommodate him, Maud."

"But he ordered a cheaper grade of pictures."

"Never mind; they may be 'cheaper' in price, and he may not be able to pay as well as a millionaire. All the more reason for doing him a good piece of work. We will make him happy by giving him a group that will speak with life. We do no 'cheap' work here. I make the honest fellow a present of half the pictures. No picture, for rich or poor, must be slighted. All must be of even artistic grade. He complimented our skill and reputation by coming to us. Even if he is not a profitable customer, let us delight in doing a little charity work, and yet make him feel that he is not receiving such. He is anxious for his pictures; finish them first of all."

Le Britta had touched upon a point that was almost a hobby with him—cheap pictures. He never made such. He had seen too many photographs of an inferior quality, to wish to emulate his mediocre competitors. Cheap work, he well knew, meant hurried work; hurried for the deluded sitter, hurried for the artist, thereby disturbing his delicate equilibrium of touch, and degrading high artistic possibilities. Proper care was always a necessary adjunct to proper adjustment of focus. There must be no neglect in posing and lighting, no inferior chemicals employed, no rude retouching, no careless printing. Art educates, refines, cultivates and develops the mind, and careful adherence to its dictates infuses capacity, ability, faithfulness. Those who desire the best results in art must expect to offer reasonable compensation for its exercise. Le Britta realized on this. He formulated his ideas on this basis. He refused as an artist of capability, intelligence and skill, with large capital invested and with a proud reputation to sustain, to meet the competition of the obscure itinerant with nothing of these, and make "cheap" pictures. In the photographic art, invention and discovery had reduced the cost of production until all could enjoy the best results at a moderate price, and when he did make happy some honest wage-earner with small charges, it was a voluntary charity of his generous heart.

There were mournful faces at the pretty home when Le Britta announced the urgency of an immediate departure, but the soft, gentle glance of his true and loving wife to whom he told all his eventful story, satisfied him more than ever that he was on the straight path of duty.

"Go, dear Jera," she urged, earnestly. "Always doing good, ever forgetting self! Poor girl! Do not lose any time in trying to restore her to her friends, in bringing to time that horrible Durand; and, Jera, if you should find her, tell the poor child that she shall have a welcome here always. How my heart pities her in her orphaned loneliness and peril! Oh, Jera! when I think of how happy we are, safe, comfortable, surrounded by friends, I long to give the poor innocent dove a home among us."

"Papa s'ant do!" announced the baby of the family, doughtily striving to lock a door against his father's departure.

"Oh, dear! more waiting and watching," pouted the eldest, a bright-faced girl of eight. "Papa, it's real mean of you."

But a royal "trot horse to market" for number one, and the promise of a present for domineering number two, enabled Le Britta to escape with hair uncrumpled, followed by the serious, loving "Heaven speed you!" from the lips of the most beautiful of all the beautiful women he had ever met.

His little hand-bag packed with a few necessaries for a two day's journey, Le Britta stopped on his way at the office of his friend, Doctor Milton.

"Well, all ready?" queried the disciple of Esculapius.

"Yes. I shall take the train in half an hour."

"And return?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"What is your plan?"

"I hardly know yet. I shall see Mr. Vernon's lawyer and present my evidence, and be guided by his advice. There's a knock at the door, doctor."

Doctor Milton opened the door at the summons. A bare-footed, excited urchin stood there, his great goggle-eyes rolling—breathless incoherent. "Doc-tor! Come at once!"

"Come where?" demanded Doctor Milton.

"To the grug store. Man run away and wagon got hurt—no, I mean wagon ran away and man got hurt. Sent for you right off!"

"I'll be there in a minute. I must bid you good-day, Jera."

Doctor Milton caught up his surgical case and put on his hat. Le Britta accompanied him to the street.

"Some case of trifling injury—man stunned or ankle sprained, I suppose," spoke the doctor.

Le Britta went his way. If he had only known! but we never know in this busy, changing, fateful world of ours.

If he had only known, the barefooted urchin was a messenger of fate.

For, had Jera Le Britta accompanied Dr. Richard Milton to his new patient, the course of many lives would have been affected then and there.

Destiny plays strange caprices in the plot and counterplot of our lives, and the man just injured by a runaway, was fated to be an important element in the mystery and mysteries surrounding the fugitive Gladys Vernon.

All unconscious of this, however, thinking only of the clue he possessed and the duty imperative of the hour, Jera Le Britta went his way.

CHAPTER XIV.—ONLY A TRAMP

Dr. Richard Milton, when he left his friend Le Britta, proceeded rapidly in the direction of the drug store.

His kind, sympathetic face grew more serious as he realized that his services might soon be enlisted in a matter of life or death.

Clean-shaven, the contour of his face resembling some of those profiles one sees on old Roman coins, a physiognomist would have ascribed a remarkably even temperament to this young man.

Not that he lacked fire, only the profession he had undertaken was one the deep seriousness of which he fully realized. Long companionship with Le Britta had fostered the naturally noble sentiments of his mind, and he had developed into a kind, just and honorable man.

There was a crowd around the door of the drug store, excited men, women and children were jostling one another and striving to peer in through the windows, while the proprietor of the establishment held the door shut and ordered the people away.

"Here comes the doctor!" was the simultaneous announcement of half-a-dozen voices, and room was made for Doctor Milton to reach the door.

Inside, lying upon the marble-tiled floor, his head supported by a cushion, lay a man, motionless and bleeding.

A glance told Doctor Milton that he belonged to that genus known as tramp. His frowsy head of hair, unkempt beard, worn out shoes, dusty, travel stained and tattered attire evidenced the fact that Doctor Milton would have to add another charity-patient to the long list.

"Hurt pretty badly, doctor, I guess," whispered the druggist.

"How did it occur?" queried the doctor, mechanically, kneeling by the side of his patient.

"Runaway horse and wagon. Caught him on the dead run, and knocked him—twenty feet, I should think."

Doctor Milton felt the pulse of the insensible man; he lifted one eyelid with his thumb and forefinger; he pressed the tips of his fingers until the blood showed under the nails. Then he shook his head slowly.

"No temporary treatment here," he murmured, convincedly. "The man's insensibility is not the result of a nervous shock. Something more serious, I fear. Let us see as to his injuries."

There was a slight scalp-wound, but beside it was an immense protuberance. As the doctor lifted the man's arm, however, he started despite himself.

From elbow to wrist, one arm had the flesh scraped off as clean as if a knife had shaved it. For all the world it resembled a spring sapling, with a section of the fresh green bark peeled clear to the white wooden core.

"This man needs long, careful attention," he remarked, arising to his feet. "Where can he be taken?"

"You can have my back room, if you like," remarked the duggist.

"No, it must be to some permanent, comfortable place. Have you a stretcher?"

"We can improvise one."

"Please do so."

Doctor Milton surveyed his patient thoughtfully. He was "only a tramp!" only one of those poor, homeless fellows who wander from town to town, and from city to city, migratory as the birds, and like the birds, included in that blessed benison—"Your Father cares for the sparrows of the field, and will He not care for you?'

With the practised eye of a surgeon he readily recognized the emergency of the case. A fellow-being's life, however worthless, depended on immediate active treatment. In a flash he decided what to do, and followed the dictates of his great humane heart.

The druggist and his subordinates soon brought in a rudely improvised litter. Upon it, following the doctor's directions and aided by him, they placed the unconscious man. He never stirred or spoke

"Get four strong men to carry him," spoke Milton.

"Where to, doctor?" queried the druggist.

"To my office."

"Surely," ejaculated the man, with a start, "you will not burden yourself with his care!"

"Will any one else?"

"I fear not."

"Then I cannot see him die. Gently, boys!" as ready helpers were summoned from the throng outside to the side of the litter.

They bore their inanimate burden from the store and down the street. The doctor leading the way, they reached his office.

Doctor Milton prepared a couch for him, and upon it he was placed.

Alone with his patient, he became the stern, practical surgeon once more.

For nearly an hour he worked at him, forcing medicine between his lips, hypodermically injecting stimulants, applying bandages to the great protuberance at the base of the brain.

"Temperature, pulse and respiration better," murmured the dotcor. "Now for the arm."

He took up his scalpel and scissors twice, and laid them aside again. He became thoughtful, serious.

"It cannot be done," he soliloquized. "It is either a well arm, a useful arm in time, or a crippled, torturing limb. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. I will not touch it till I have considerad. Here is an experiment worthy the skill of a Mackenzie or a Gunn."

Doctor Milton simply applied a loose wet cloth to the scraped, distended arm.

"If the man recovers consciousness completely in an hour, the injury to the nerve centers are only temporary," he murmured. "If not, he will die. Ah! he moves."

Yes, with a low moan of pain, the patient stirred slightly. Then he opened his eyes.

"I've got to get back there!" fell distinctly on the dead silence of the room.

Doctor Milton hurriedly approached the couch.

"Get where, my poor fellow?" he queried, gently.

"To—to that place."

"What place?"

Hawthorne villa."

"Great goodness!" ejaculated the doctor, recoiling involuntarily. "What in the world does this mean?"

His mind full of Le Britta's vivid story, the mention of the home of Gladys Vernon startled him indescribably.

He was deeply amazed, excited, curious, too, but, as he gazed keenly at the tramp, he saw that although semi-consciousness had supervened, his mind was still groping, and he spoke only automatically upon some theme powerfully present in his mind.

"The papers are all right!"

Those were the next words of the sufferer.

"I had them written by different persons. Couldn't trust one person, couldn't trust one person, couldn't trust one person!"

The monologue died in a low murmur. The eyes closed, the man's body resumed its rigidity.

Of a sudden, however, as the absorbed Doctor Milton gazed, the invalid gave a terrible start. The first conscious recognition of his injuries, of pain, seemed to possess his senses, for he drew up his injured arm in a wincing, tortured way, his eyes glared wildly, and he choked out:—

"I remember! I was hurt Oh! send for a doctor. I can't die; I won't die, with that secret mine! I'll pay a hundred, a thousand dollars, only save me. I'm rich! rich! thousands are mine, if I can only get the strength to crawl back to Hawthorne villa. The secret, the papers! oh!—hh—h—h!"

Back he fell again, this time like a dead weight.

Mystified, startled, Dr. Richard Milton regarded him wonderingly. Then, as a sudden flush stole over the patient's face, and his breathing changed, the doctor examined him more closely.

"What did he mean?" he ejaculated. "Le Britta, more shrewd than I would trace a wonderful significance in those incoherent words. This man will not tell for a time, I am thinking! Fever! He's in for a long siege of it. Well, I'll save him if it is possible."

The man did not revive again that night, nor the one following.

When partial consciousness did come, it was to engulf the homeless sufferer in the embrace of a hot, wasting fever, and his wild utterances bore no further reference to his boasted wealth or Hawthorne villa.

Doctor Milton grew restive under the constant care he required, but he was not the man to ignore a duty once assumed.

"Only a tramp!" he adjudged the wretched sufferer; but, although he little dreamed it, he was "entertaining an angel unawares!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Johnny's Last Question.

Father—Johnny, don't bother me. I've answered all the questions I'm going to.

Johnny—Just this one, pa, and I won't ask any more.

Father—Well, let this be the last.

Johnny—If man had as many legs as a centiped, wouldn't he need a fife and drum corps to keep step with himself?—Adams Freeman.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

That Was All, but the Old Man Was Worried.

"Ye seem to be rather uneasy an anxious 'bout suthin, pardner," the man on the gray mule remarked sociably, letting his beast come to a standstill.

"Right ye be, stranger," responded the old man with the luxuriant sandy whiskers, bald head and single suspender, loitering in the road in front of the little tumble down, red shanty, with the pillow shoved through a window pane. "Ye see, I don't know whether I'll be er happy bridegroom without incumbrances, er grief stricken grass widower, with er only da'ter ter console me, or be entirely alone an sorrerin in this cold, unsympathetic world, in half er hour frum now."

"Ye don't say so!"

"Yes. Thar, they're at it ag'in!"

A loud racket had started up inside the shanty. Heavy bottles could be heard striking the walls, floor and ceiling.

"It be this way," the old man continued, with a deep sigh: "My wife, she died six months ago, leavin me one da'ter, Lize. Course I got sorter lonesome in them six months, bein as how I wuz married nigh on ter 50 years, an I told Lize I thought I'd git married ag'in. Lize raised Ned an called me er old mush brained grasshopper an swore she'd throw any dodgasted stepmother out uv ther shanty ef I brung one hum, but I did bring ther Widdy Perkins hum, all ther same. An ther widdy give Lize er right smart scrap, tew, only she warn't so terrible spry an chipper, an Lize throwed her out in 'bout five minits, Lize takin ruther arter her mar—an her mar, she war a hoss, she war! Howsumever, I didn't despair. Thar wuz ther Widdy Jackson, what hed lost one eye scrappin with ther late lamented Jackson in their last years of married happiness. She war er fine wiming an weighed 'bout tew hundred an fifty an hed made Jackson stan round proper, an I ruther calc'lated thet she could do up Lize in er reg'lar ketch ez ketch kin scrap ef I give her ther chance. An so I arst her delicatelike ef she 'lowed as how she war equil tew ther deal, an she 'lowed as how I might rest easy an depend on her ef I only jist let her at Lize onct, an so I married her on ther spot, with er thankful heart an rejoicin, an I brung her hum an turned her loose.

"Stranger, thet war 'bout half er hour ergo, an I hev been waitin out here ever since, hopin an prayin thet happiness is in store fer me, an"—

But the door of the shanty opened, and a middle aged, shrieking, one eyed woman dashed out and off across lots toward the village, followed by a slab of firewood. A pock marked, redheaded, rawboned young woman appeared in the doorway nonchalantly.

"Hi! What yer loafin round thar fer, pap?" she demanded sharply. "Draw er bucket uv water an hustle in yere an hev yer supper!"

The old man sighed in gloomy hopelessness and obeyed.—New York Sunday Journal.

His Epitaph.

"What shall we put on his tombstone?" asked the man who dealt in such things.

"Well," said the head of the Typographical union thoughtfully, "I think all that is necessary under the circumstances is a simple announcement that he let the 't' drop out of the word 'relict' and failed to correct it in the proof. Every one will know at once that he died of the resulting complications."—Chicago Post.

OUT OF THE TOILS.

Physicians Failed, Cure-alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A E. Young, of Barnston, P. Q., Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony: "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

Blynkins—"That fellow, De Soaque, says some very dry things, doesen't he?" Wynkins—"I've, heard him say 'Don't care if I do' repeatedly."

TRAVELLED HALF THE GLOBE TO FIND HEALTH, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims it From the Housetop—"South American Nervine Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton, of Wingham writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nervine, and I firmly believe I owe my life to it to day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any other treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it, and will never be without it myself."

Miss Wabash—"So you come from Boston, do you? That's where everybody is so cultured, isn't it?" Miss Beaconstreet—"No, cultivated."

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod, of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of twelve hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

**"Whatever is, is right," said Pope—
And for his meaning still we grope;
If this be true, why do men strive
For change in everything alive?"**

40 GEMS, 20 CENTS.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS CURE ALL TROUBLES

Arising from Torpor of the Liver—Easy and Quick—Banish Sick Headache—Purify the Blood and Eradicate all Impurities From the System.

The demand is big. The pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain. 40 in a vial, and 20 cents at all druggists.

A MINISTER'S STORY.

THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF REV. C. H. BACKHUS.

For Five Months He Was Helpless and Endured Agonizing Pains—Could Neither Rise Up Nor Sit Down Without Aid—He Tells How He Found a Cure.

From the Tilsonburg Observer.

The Rev. C. H. Backhus is a resident of Bayham township, Elgin county, Ont., and there is probably no person in the county who is better known or more highly esteemed. He is a minister of the United Brethren Church. He also farms quite extensively, superintending the work and doing quite a share of it himself despite his advanced age. But he was not always able to exert himself as he can to-day, as a few years ago he underwent an illness that many feared would terminate his life. To a reporter who recently had a conversation with him the rev. gentleman gave the particulars of his illness and cure, with permission to make the story public. The story as told by Rev. M. Backhus is substantially as follows: About three years ago he was taken ill and the doctor who was called in pronounced his trouble an attack of la grippe. He did not appear to get any better and a second doctor was called in, but with no more satisfactory results, so far as a renewal of health was concerned. Following the la grippe, pains of an excruciating nature located themselves in his body. He grew weaker and weaker until at last he was perfectly helpless. He could not sit down or rise from a sitting posture without assistance and when with assistance he gained his feet he could hobble but a few steps when he was obliged to be put in a chair again. For five months these agonizing pains were endured. But at last relief so long delayed came. A friend urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He yielded to the advice and had not been taking them long when the longed for relief was noticed coming. He could move more easily and the stiffness and pain began to leave his joints. He continued the use of the pills for some time longer and the cure was complete. Seeing Mr. Backhus now it would be difficult to think of him as the crippled and helpless man of those painful days. Mr. Backhus is now past his 80th year, but as he said, "by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am as able as those ten years younger. You can readily judge of this when I tell you I laid forty rod of rail fence this year. I am glad to add my testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In case of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the trouble which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail post paid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Mrs Bodington, wife of Dr. Bodington, superintendent of Westminster asylum, died suddenly of pneumonia, superinduced by la grippe.

A POPULAR GERMAN CITIZEN.

Well Known in Hamilton for the Past 40 Years—What He Has to Say About Kidney Trouble.

Mr. George Schumacher, 98 McNann street north, Hamilton, Ont., well known in business circles in Hamilton during the past forty years as a skillful cabinet maker, an adept at such delicate work as repairing billiard tables, etc., gave the following account of his rescue from the clutches of sciatica through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Said Mr. Schumacher: "For a number of years prior to May last I have had sciatica in my left hip, at times so bad as to incapacitate me from working. The pain extended down my left leg and across my back just above the hips. I was so sore that I could not bear the weight of my body, and so stiff that it was only with a painful effort that I managed to walk.

"I have doctored a great deal for my complaint, and derived but little benefit. Last May, Mr. Macon, a friend of mine, advised me to take Doan's Kidney Pills as they helped him wonderfully. I therefore got a box of the pills from Spackman's drug store, No. 1 Market Square. After taking them for four days I commenced to get better and thenceforward my improvement was rapid. I have had no pain or difficulty in getting around all summer and my health generally is better than it has been for a long time. I took just two boxes, and I assure you that they proved a great remedy for me. Should I ever become afflicted with the terrible pains of sciatica again, I shall very promptly resort to the use of this marvelous medicine. (Signed) George Schumacher, Hamilton, Ont.

"Why are you trying to get on the police force, Corker?"

"I've grown to heavy for any work requirin' activity, sir."

B B B

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually, without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Smokers and housekeepers alike find them faultless.

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HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA INFANTUM and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults.

Gold Buttons 25c.

Any Society Recognition Button you may desire, with 10-kt. Rolled Gold Rims and colored Enamel Centres.

A Pretty Present. Address Shipping Dept.

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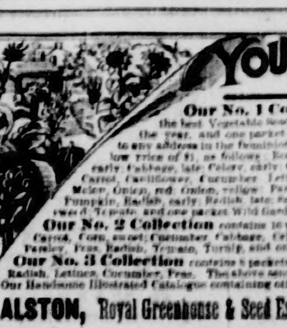
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"Canada's Greatest Seed House."



YOUR ATTENTION

Our No. 1 Collection contains 75 full sized packets of the best Vegetable Seeds sufficient to furnish vegetables throughout the year, and one packet of Flower Seeds, which we will send prepaid to any address in the Dominion of Canada or United States for the extremely low price of $1, as follows: Bean, dwarf; Bean, pole; Beet, early; Cabbage, early; Cabbage, late; Celery, early; Celery, late; Citron; Corn, sweet; Corn, field; Carrot; Cauliflower; Cucumber; Lettuce, early; Lettuce, late; Musk Melon; Water Melon; Onion, red; Onion, yellow; Parsley; Parsnip; Pepper; Peas, early; Peas, late; Pumpkin; Radish, early; Radish, late; Salsify; Squash; Spinach; Turnip, early; Turnip, swede; Tomato; and one packet Wild Garden Flower Seed Mixture.

Our No. 2 Collection contains 16 packets for 50c. as follows: Bean, dwarf; Beets; Carrot; Corn, sweet; Cucumber; Cabbage; Celery; Lettuce; Musk Melon; Onion; Parsnip; Parsley; Peas; Radish; Tomato; Turnip, and one packet Wild Garden Flower Seed Mixture.

Our No. 3 Collection contains 8 packets for 25c. as follows: Bean, Beet, Carrot, Onion, Radish, Lettuce, Cucumber, Peas. The above sent post paid to any address on receipt of price. Our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue containing other great offers mailed free to any address.

H. ALSTON, Royal Greenhouse & Seed Establishment, WINNIPEG, MAN.

—THE—

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At the Printing Office, Qu'Appelle Station, Assa., N. W. T., Canada.

Subscription Price $1 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid.

S. T. SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Business cards as per arrangement according to space.

Transient Ads, such as Legal Notices, Estrays, Tenders, Notices of Meetings, etc., 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents each subsequent insertion, solid nonpareil measure.

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Church Notices and Society Entertainments from which a revenue is to be derived will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

Rates for Commercial, Contract and Permanent advertisements will be furnished on application.

A liberal commission allowed to parties wishing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

S. T. SCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

Qu'Appelle Observatory.

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, March 2, 1897.

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Wednesday, Feb 24	9	— 8
Thursday, Feb 25	— 5	—25
Friday, Feb 26	3	—18
Saturday, Feb 27	0	— 8
Sunday, Feb 28	— 3	—14
Monday, March 1	6	—18
Tuesday, March 2	9	—17

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

	6 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Wednesday	N 2	calm	NW 8
Thursday	N 1	N 8	NW 8
Friday	SW 2	SW 6	SW 10
Saturday	S 2	S 6	S 2
Sunday	S 2	SE 12	SW 3
Monday	W 6	W 8	W 8
Tuesday	W 6	SW 18	W 17

Local and General

—Mr. H. Campkin, of Indian Head, was in town Monday.

—Fire destroyed the Queen's hotel, Moosomin, last Saturday night.

—Mr. A. L. Gordon of the Indian office, Regina, spent yesterday in town.

—Rev. S. W. Thompson attended the Presbytery meeting yesterday at Regina.

—Rev. A. Matheson attended the Presbytery meeting at Regina this week.

—Mr. M. McKay, agent for the National account file, is in town soliciting orders.

—P. B. Wallace, the well known traveller for Beal Bros., tanners, Toronto, was in town on Monday.

—Mr. R. Johnston left last week for Prince Albert district on a cattle purchasing tour for Gordon & Ironside.

—The Lindley Comedy company is playing to good houses down the line, and is highly spoken of by the press.

—Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn, the famous temperance revivalists, expect to visit the Edgeley district at an early date.

—After sinking several holes the well-diggers think they have at last struck a good supply of water for the creamery.

—Mr. C. Babbit left for Portage la Prairie last Saturday. Before returning he will visit Winnipeg for a few days.

—Mr. Wm Brydon, insurance appraiser, Winnipeg, was in town this week on business connected with the late fire.

—Mr. A. McKenzie visited Regina on Monday and arranged for the plans of the new brick store to be erected this spring.

—Mr. Thos. Farrel, of Whitewood, Ass., thinks he is one of three brothers who have fallen heirs to the sum of £230 000 000.

—The Moosomin Spectator says: "It is supposed that there is a case of leprosy near the Qu'Appelle valley and the matter is receiving the attention of the authorities."

—The buildings destroyed by fire last week will in all probability be replaced by substantial brick structures this spring. Mr. McKenzie will for the present erect a temporary building to carry on his business.

—Master Emery Young, of Regina, arrived from the west to-day to take part in the Demorest gold medal contest to be held in Grace church Tuesday night. He had already won one gold medal in Nebraska.—Winnipeg Tribune.

—The finance minister has received $15 from a man now living in the Western States, who admits that he defrauded the government out of that amount during the Northwest rebellion in 1885. There are others.—Lethbridge News.

—Mr. F. S. Macdonald, V. S., who has been inspecting cattle in the Touchwood Hills, was in town Tuesday, on his way to Regina. Mr. Macdonald reports the cattle as being in a fair condition generally. He says that a number of cattlemen were alarmed at losing some of their cattle and supposed that a plague had broken out among them, but Mr. Macdonald assures them their fears are groundless. He says several bunches purchased last fall were in poor condition and quite a number died, proving the folly of purchasing poor cattle in the fall with the intention of fattening for spring market.

—Mr. A. M. McLean, of Indian Head, was in town Monday and attended the Lawn Tennis club dance in the evening.

—Stovels' Pocket Directory for March is to hand, containing timetables, maps, etc., and much other valuable information to residents and tourists.

—Rev. Father Jacob of the Industrial School, Fort Qu'Appelle, left on Friday last for Rat Portage. Rev. Father Coutlee of Montreal, taking his place as assistant principal of the school.

—The Lawn-Tennis Club dance on Monday evening last, was not as well patronized as could have been desired; however, those who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and the band felt gay.

—The four scarf pins put up by J. P. Beauchamp, as curling trophies, are on exhibition at his store. Each pin is surmounted by a tiny gold curling stone and is very neat, reflecting credit on the manufacturer, Mr. Dingwall, of Winnipeg.

—Mr. Albert McMortan, of Regina, who was well known in Qu'Appelle a few years ago, stopped off on Sunday for a short time while on his way west from Winnipeg where he had been on a short visit. He leaves for Rossland, B.C., of which place he intends to become a resident.

—The Canadian Pacific railway, in anticipation of a big immigration to Manitoba from Eastern Canada, have arranged to run immigrant excursion trains, leaving Toronto every Tuesday during the months of March and April. It is said that hard times in Ontario is forcing the people westward for livelihood.

—The Progress is always pleased to receive news from anyone, whether regular correspondents or not. The local and personal items of a country paper are what makes it interesting, and as we wish to make The Progress second to none in point of interest you will confer a favor by letting us know of anything happening in your neighborhood.

—Word has been received of the death of W. H. Lyon, which occurred at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 27th Feb. The deceased was well known throughout Manitoba and the Northwest in the early days. He at one time was a member of the well known firm of Lyon, McKenzie & Powis, Winnipeg, but withdrew after the boom and went to the Western States.

—Friends of Mrs. James McNaughton will be sorry to learn of the death of her mother, Mrs. William McCormick, which occurred at her old home near Galt, Ont., on the 24th ult. The deceased lady was nearly 80 years of age and leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Mrs. McNaughton, who has been at her old home since last fall, was at the bedside of her mother constantly during her last illness.

—The C.P.R. will carry pure seed grain, No. 1 and 2 Red Fyfe wheat, No. 1 and No. 2 white oats, and two and six rowed barley, between March 1 and May 10, at half price on a certificate being given by the consignee that he is going to sow it on his own farm. This privilege is confined to shipments between stations on the main line between Whitemouth and Mitford, and branch lines in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

—The March number of The Delineator is called the Early Spring Number. Its forecast of spring and summer fashions is made graphic by numerous plates illustrating the dress modes and fabrics. Its literary menu includes a charming novelette of New York art life by Ellen Olney Kirk, called "The Story of a Picture." Besides a host of other contributors, E. C. Vick offers timely suggestions to those preparing to plant kitchen gardens and lay out flower beds. Address communications to The Delineator Publishing Company of Toronto, Ltd., 33 Richmond street, west, Toronto, Ont., or the local agent for the Butterick Patterns. Subscription price of The Delineator $1 per year, or 15c per single copy.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Council Minutes.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the council, held on Monday, March 1st, 1897.

The Reeve and Councillors Caswell and Cates present.

Numerous communications, applications and accounts were received and referred to the council.

The council then adjourned until 1 o'clock.

On resuming the treasurer's report was read, which announced that there was $2 857.72 on hand.

The finance committee recommended that accounts to the amount of $77 55 be paid.

Coun. Caswell gave notice that he would at the next regular meeting introduce a by-law appointing a fire marshall and assistant and making regulations to be observed at fires within the town of Qu'Appelle.

Caswell—Cates—That the petition of J. R. Bunn and others praying for a further grant to be made to the Indian famine fund, be granted to the extent of $50 00, and that the clerk be instructed to forward the same to the Lieut.-Governor of the Territories. Carried.

Matheson—Caswell—That the reeve and treasurer be instructed to bring on a sale of all lands in arrears of taxes in accordance with Sec. 1, Part 5 of the Municipal Ordinance of 1894 and amendments thereto. Carried.

A by-law appointing Thos Clark overseer for road district No. 1; Donald Fraser for road district No. 2; Andrew Gray, road district No. 3; James Smith, road district No. 4; Geo Ellis, road district No. 5 for the ensuing year, was put through its various stages, passed signed and sealed, and numbered 242.

Council then adjourned.

The Ring.

A battle took place in the arena of the Palace auditorium, Indian Head, on Saturday night, for the paperweight championship of Assiniboia and a side bet of two hundred and fifty. The contestant were two local aspirants, and the bout lasted four rounds when the referee declared a draw. In the third round Fitzcorbet had his man at his mercy, but owing to lack of training failed to take advantage of the situation. The gate receipts were heavy, as most of the local sports were present.

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Diamond Dyes are precious helps in city and town homes. To the farmer's wife and daughters they are invaluable agents of economy. Diamond Dyes come in forty-eight colors for wool, cotton, mixed goods, silk and feathers. They are easy to use, and give colors that neither sun or soapsuds will fade. Beware of imitations; ask for the "Diamond," and see that you get them; all dealers sell them.

Direction Book and samples of colored cloth free; address

WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Montreal, P.Q.



Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

School Report.

The following is the report of Starr's Point school for the month of February:

Third class senior—total, 400—Maud Hardy, 206; Minnie Cates, 182.

Third class junior—total, 400—Lizzie Cates, 103; Herbert Bailey, 117; Arthur Bailey, 161.

Second class—total 400—H. Bray, 121; S. Cates, 76.

Parts I and II, in order of merit: Johnny Bailey, Cecil Cates, Willie Cates.

Grover C. Connolly, of Richmond Corners, N. B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it in a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so-called cures but got no relief. None of them did me any good. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me."

BIRTHS

WILSON—At Edgeley, on the 27th February, the wife of Mr. T. J. Wilson, of a daughter.



It Makes Sick People Well and Strong.

Has Cured Thousands and Given Them a New Lease of Life.

Do Not Allow Your Dealer to Offer You a Substitute.

SPRING, 1897



Our New Spring Samples RECEIVED.

The very Latest Patterns in English, Scotch and Irish Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings.

Kindly call and examine them, whether you wish to order or not

J. H. BRETHAUER & CO.,

Qu'Appelle Station, agents for the Celebrated Dominion Pants Company.

Granby Rubbers

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

Don't Draw the Feet
They Fit the Boot

Lyons' Fuel Saver And... Heat... Radiator

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